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A series intended to create and foster a taste for good reading

CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK ONE

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON

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GENERAL PREFACE

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To some extent, desultory work is being done in the primary and grammar grades, by means of supplementary reading; but this cannot prove very effective in forming a taste for good reading, though something will be accomplished, because the expense necessary to provied a sufficient quantity of books, and a variety to meet the needs of different ages, and to present specimens of different classes of literature, will be so great that very few schools can meet it, and still fewer will do it. Again, too of-

the supplementary readers used are intended merely to furnish information, and are not fitted to do much toward forming a taste for good reading. Those supplementary readers that do make some attempt to create and nourish a taste for good reading, in the main do it in a very haphazard kind of way. There is no clearly defined plan, no definite end aimed at. The literature training in the primary and grammar schools, when there has been any at all, has been of the same kind, almost of necessity, for want of suitable text books. The compiler of this series has attempted to meet this want. So far as he knows, no such attempt has before been made. Much has been done in a desultory way, but nothing with a well defined plan.

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TO THE READER

WHILE using this book you will find it easy to form the habit of doing home reading that will be of value to you. There is now a multitude of books published in cheap form that furnish both entertaining and instructive reading. Every one should aim to own as large and as good a library as circumstances will permit. The books that we own do us more good than the books that we borrow or get from a public library.

You will notice that the little biographical sketches are very brief. You will do well to form the habit of making yourself well acquainted with the authors you read. By doing this you will enjoy their writings more and get more from them. One's habits are of quite as much importance as his knowledge, and contribute very much toward the acquisition of knowledge. Every one should form the habit of using reference books, and you cannot too early form the habit of using a dictionary and an encyclopedia.

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"We teach our children the mechanical part of reading, and then turn them loose to take their chances. Our educational system stops just where its assistance might be made invaluable; just where it passes out of the mechanical, and touches the individual; just where instruction ceases to be a drudgery, and becomes a source of pleasure."

CHOICE LITERATURE

Book I

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ALADDIN was the son of a poor tailor who lived in one of the rich provinces of China. As soon as Aladdin was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own shop. He was an idle fellow, and loved play better than work. Most of his time was spent playing in the streets with other boys as idle as himself.

His father died while he was quite young, but he continued his lazy habits, and his mother was obliged to spin cotton and work very hard in order to support both him and herself.

One day, when he was about fifteen years old, he was playing in the street, as usual, when a stranger who was passing by stopped and looked at him. It was a famous African Magician, who wanted the help of some ignorant person, and he felt sure from his manner and appearance that Aladdin could easily be made a tool of. He went into the crowd and placing his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, said, "My

good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes," said Aladdin, "but my father has been dead a long time."

"Alas!" cried the Magician, "what sad news! I am your father's brother, child. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in hope of seeing my brother, you tell me that he is dead!" All the time tears ran down the stranger's cheek. Pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold. "Take this, my boy," says he, "and give it to your mother. Tell her that I will come and sup with her to-night."

Greatly pleased, Aladdin ran home. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" She told him that he had not. Then he showed her the gold pieces and said that the man who gave them to him said he was his uncle and that he would come and sup with them that night. His mother was astonished, but went to the market and bought provisions, and was busily at work preparing supper when the Magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter, who brought in all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats.

After the Magician had given to Aladdin the things he had brought, he saluted his mother and asked to be shown the place where his brother was in the habit of sitting. When this was done he fell down and kissed it, and said, with tears in his eyes, "My poor

brother, how unhappy I am not to have come soon enough to give you a last embrace!"

As they sat down to supper he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying he had been from home for forty years, and had traveled in many distant countries. Then he turned to Aladdin and asked his name. Being told, he said, "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?"

At these questions Aladdin hung his head, and was much ashamed when his mother replied, "Aladdin is an idle fellow; his father tried to teach him his trade, but he would not learn, and since his father's death, in spite of all that I can say to him, he does nothing but waste his time in the streets." With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the Magician, turning to Aladdin, said, "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself and earning a living. I will help you as far as I can. Would you like me to furnish a shop for you?" Aladdin was delighted with the idea, for he thought there was very little work in keeping a shop; so he told his uncle that it would suit him better than anything else.

"To-morrow I will take you with me," said the Magician, "and clothe you as handsomely as any merchant in the city; then we will be ready to open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked him very heartily, and begged her son to behave so as to prove himself

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fruit, which he had hardly noticed before. The trees were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore fruit of a different color: some white, others sparkling and transparent as crystal; others were of different shades of red, others green, blue, violet, yellow; in short, there was fruit of almost every color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the paler, a particular sort of ruby called balas; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires; so all the other colored fruits were varieties of precious stones; and all of them were of the largest size, and more perfect than any that were ever seen. Aladdin did not know their value. He thought they were only colored glass, but they were so very brilliant, and their colors were so beautiful, that he gathered some of each kind. He took all that he could possibly carry, filling his pockets, his purses, and the bosom of his robe.

With this great treasure, of the value of which Aladdin knew nothing, he hurried back through the three halls, that the Magician might not be kept waiting too long. He soon reached the entrance of the cave, where he found the Magician impatiently waiting for him. "Give me your hand, uncle, and help me up," said Aladdin. "First give me the lamp, as that will only hinder you," said the Magician. "It is not in my way at all, and I will give it to you when I am

out," said Aladdin. The Magician was bound to have the lamp before he helped Aladdin out; but Aladdin had it so covered up with the colored fruit that he could not well get at it, and he positively refused to give his uncle the lamp till he was out of the cave. The Magician finally despaired of getting the lamp, and, in great rage, threw upon the fire, which he had kept up, some more of the perfume, and pronounced two magic words, when the stone which closed the mouth of the cavern returned to its place, and the earth covered it just as it was when Aladdin and the Magician found it.

Aladdin now found himself shut up in the earth with no possible chance of escape, so far as he could see. He was horrified at this action on the part of his pretended uncle. He called aloud a thousand times, saying that if his uncle would take him out he would give him the lamp; but in vain. He was in perfect darkness. After a time he ceased crying and went to the bottom of the stairs, thinking he would go into the garden where it was light; but he found that the walls which had been opened by enchantment had been closed by the same means. He felt all around, but could find no opening. Then he redoubled his cries and tears, but to no purpose. He sat down upon the steps of his dungeon without the least hope that he would ever see the light of day again. He remained for two days without eating or drinking. The third day he felt that he must soon die. He lifted up his

very hungry, and asked for some breakfast. "Alas, my child," replied his mother, "I have not even a morsel of bread to give you. You ate for your supper last night the last of the food in the house. Be patient. I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton," said Aladdin. "Give me the lamp which I brought yesterday. I will go and sell that."

Aladdin's mother brought the lamp, and said, "It is very dirty. If I were to clean it, it might sell for more." She took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. As soon as she began to rub the lamp, a hideous and enormous Genius rose out of the ground before her, and cried, with a voice like thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you. I and the other slaves of the lamp will obey those who have the lamp in their hands." Aladdin's mother was too terrified to speak, but Aladdin, who had seen a similar appearance in the cavern, did not lose his presence of mind or his judgment. Taking the lamp in his hands, he answered, in a firm voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The Genius disappeared; but in a moment returned with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head. He had twelve covered silver dishes, with the nicest of meats and all other things for an excellent feast. He placed them upon the table and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother recovered from her fright,

they sat down to their meal, which was better than they had ever before eaten. They had never seen such splendid dishes. All were of silver, even the drinking cups.

The remains of the feast provided them with food for several days, and when it was gone, Aladdin sold the silver dishes, one by one, for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure and behaved with great prudence and wisdom.

He visited the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons, and in this way gathered much wisdom, and he grew to be a courteous and handsome youth.

One day, as he was walking in the city, he heard a proclamation of the Sultan ordering all persons to shut up their shops and retire into their houses until the Princess had passed on her way to the bath and returned again.

Being hurried along by the crowd of people hastening to their homes, Aladdin found himself in the doorway of a large building, which he guessed to be the baths where the Princess was expected. He at once placed himself behind the door, where he was certain not to be seen, and where he might see the Princess when she passed.

He waited long before she came with a crowd of attendants. As she passed she threw aside her veil, and Aladdin was dazzled by her beauty. She was

the most beautiful princess that was ever seen, and Aladdin fell in love with her at once.

After thinking over the matter a long time, Aladdin told his mother of his love for the Princess. "Alas! my son," she said, "what are you thinking of? You have surely lost your senses."

"Mother," replied Aladdin, "I have not lost my senses. I am perfectly in my right mind. I knew very well that you would think me a fool, but nothing that you can say will prevent my asking the Sultan for his daughter in marriage."

"My son, you seem to have forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor; and, indeed, I do not know who will dare to go and speak to the Sultan in your behalf."

"You yourself must," said Aladdin. "I?" said his mother, in great surprise,—"I go to the Sultan? Not I, indeed; I will take care to keep out of such folly. No one can make any demand of the Sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall so poor folks as we find one?"

Aladdin then told his mother that in talking with the merchants he had learned to know the value of gems, and for a long time he had known that they had none in their shops half as fine as those he had brought from the enchanted cave. His mother brought them from the drawer where they had long been kept, and they arranged them in a dish of fine porcelain. They were both dazzled by the sparkling

of the gems and their brilliant colors. Aladdin's mother was now sure that they could give the Sultan a present that could not fail to please him, so she agreed to do all that Aladdin wished. She took the porcelain dish and the jewels and set out toward the palace of the Sultan. The Grand Vizier, accompanied by the other viziers and officers of the court, had already gone in before she arrived. There was a great crowd of those who had business at the divan. The doors were opened, and she went in with the rest. It was a beautiful room, large and spacious, with a magnificent entrance. She placed herself opposite the Sultan and the officers of the court.

After the various causes had been heard, the Sultan and his court retired without any one having taken the slightest notice of Aladdin's mother. Day after day the good woman went back, until at last her patience and perseverance touched the Sultan's heart, and he sent for her to learn what was her business.

With fear and trembling Aladdin's mother told of her son's boldness, and begged the mercy of the Sultan for him and for herself. The Sultan heard her kindly and, before making reply, asked what she had so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. She laid the jewels before him. It is impossible to express the surprise that the Sultan felt upon gazing upon a collection of gems larger and more perfect and beautiful than any he had ever seen. For some moments he gazed upon them with speechless wonder. He took

the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, "How very beautiful! how extremely rich!"

Turning to his Grand Vizier, he showed him the gems, and they talked together privately for a time; then the Sultan said: "My good woman, I will be glad to make your son happy, by marrying him to the Princess, my daughter, so soon as he sends me forty large basins of massive gold, each full of the same sort of things you have already presented me from him, provided that each basin is brought by a black slave, led by a white slave, young, well-made, handsome, and richly dressed. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, she went home, and gave her son the Sultan's strange message. Aladdin smiled, and as soon as his mother had left the room, he took the lamp and rubbed it, and the Genius instantly appeared. Aladdin told him the Sultan's request, and commanded him instantly to provide what the Sultan demanded. In a very short time, the Genius returned with the forty black slaves, each carrying on his head a large golden basin of great weight, filled with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, quite as fine as the others. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. Each of these black slaves was led by a white one, and they filled all the house, as well as the court and the garden.

Aladdin's mother now came in, and almost fainted at the sight of the great crowd and the show of magnificence. Aladdin desired her to follow at once the procession of slaves to the palace, and present to the Sultan the dowry of the Princess.

No sooner did the first slave pass into the street, than all the passers-by stopped to gaze at him, and by the time the whole procession was on the way, the crowd was so great that the streets were impassable.

When the first of the slaves reached the gate of the palace, the porters were astonished. They took the first slave for a king, he was so richly and magnificently dressed.

When the Sultan learned of the arrival of the slaves, he gave orders that they be admitted at once. When they came to the divan, they found the door opened. They entered in regular order, and formed a large semicircle before the throne. The black slaves placed the basins which they carried on the carpet, and prostrated themselves so low that their foreheads touched the floor. The white slaves performed the same ceremony. Then they all rose, and, as they did so, the black slaves uncovered the basins which were before them, and remained standing, with their hands crossed upon their breasts.

The astonishment of the Sultan at the sight of all these riches and splendor can hardly be imagined. After gazing upon the slaves and their shining heaps

of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to receive and embrace him!"

Aladdin was so delighted, that he could hardly answer his mother. He hastened to his chamber, shut the door, and summoned the Genius, and commanded him to take him instantly to a bath. When he had been bathed and perfumed by invisible hands, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun, and the Genius brought him a splendid charger and twenty slaves, to march on either side of him on his way to the Sultan's palace, all holding purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there was a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now, to watch Aladdin while on his way to the palace, and to pick up the gold pieces that his slaves scattered as he went. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him, and there was feasting and joy in the palace. After the feast, the judge was ordered to draw up the marriage contract. When it was done, the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace, and conclude all the ceremonies that day. "Sire," replied Aladdin, "however impatient I may be, I beg you to permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace worthy of the Princess, and for this purpose I beg that you will have the goodness to point out a suitable place for it near your own, that I may always be ready to pay my court to your majesty. I will then make it ready

with all possible speed." "My son," said the Sultan, "take whatever spot you think proper. There is a large open space before my palace, and I have thought of filling it up; this may answer your purpose. Remember that my happiness will not be complete until you are united to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who then took his leave in as polished a manner as though he had spent all his life at court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home he again summoned the Genius and commanded him to build at once, on the spot named by the Sultan, the most beautiful palace ever seen. Early next morning the Genius appeared and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it is as you wish." In a moment Aladdin was transported thither, and found the palace more beautiful and perfect than he could possibly have imagined. "Genius," said Aladdin, "there is one thing left to be wished for; that is to have a carpet of the finest velvet laid from the Sultan's gate to this door, for the Princess to walk upon." In a moment it was done.

Words cannot express the astonishment of the Sultan and his household at seeing this gorgeous palace standing where but the day before had been a vacant space.

The Princess was rejoiced. Her marriage with Aladdin took place the same day. For some months they lived in the palace in the greatest happiness.

Aladdin showed the greatest kindness to the poor, and pleased every one by his generosity.

This happiness, however, was not to last. Aladdin had become very fond of hunting, and there was not a week that he did not follow the chase, and he sometimes went a long distance from the city.

About this time his old enemy, the African Magician, found out, by means of his magic arts, that Aladdin had become enormously rich, and much loved and respected, instead of being, as he had supposed, dead in the enchanted cave.

The Magician was filled with rage, and vowed that he would destroy Aladdin. He immediately set out for China. On his arrival he went to the principal khans, and there began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting and was not expected back for some days.

The Magician bought a dozen shining new lamps, and putting them in a basket, set out for Aladdin's palace. Coming near the palace, he cried out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" This brought out a crowd of people and children, shouting and laughing, for they all thought he must be mad to give new lamps for old ones.

He kept on with his cry until he reached the windows of the palace. "Come," said one of the slaves, "let us see if he means what he says; there is an ugly old lamp lying on the cornice of the large hall."

we will put a new one in its place if the old fellow is really in earnest." The Princess having given leave, one of the slaves ran with the old lamp to the Magician, who gladly gave her the best lamp he had in exchange. He then left, and made ready to enjoy his revenge.

As soon as it was night the Magician summoned the Genius of the lamp, and commanded him to transport him, the Princess, and the palace to the remotest corner of Africa. This was done instantly.

The grief and anger of the Sultan were terrible when he found that the palace had vanished and his daughter was lost. The people ran in fear through the streets. Soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who had not returned from hunting. He was soon found and dragged before the Sultan like a criminal. He would have been beheaded had not the Sultan feared the people, by whom Aladdin was greatly loved. "Go, wretch!" cried the Sultan. "I grant thee thy life; but if you ever appear before me again you shall surely die, unless you bring me tidings of my daughter within forty days.

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace, not knowing which way to go. He stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, that smarted from much weeping; as he stooped, his foot slipped, and catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself, he pressed the Magician's ring, which he wore on his finger, and at once the Genius of the ring appeared, saying,

"What would you have?" "Oh, powerful Genius," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where it stood yesterday."

The Genius replied, "It is not in my power to do what you command; for that service you must command the Genius of the lamp." "Then I command you to transport me to the place where the palace now stands," said Aladdin. Instantly he found himself beside his palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city. The Princess was then walking in her own chamber, and weeping for his loss. Happening to come near the window, she saw Aladdin. She motioned to him to keep quiet, and sent a slave to bring him into the palace by a private door. The Princess and her husband kissed each other and shed tears of joy. Aladdin said, "Tell me what has become of the old lamp that I left on the cornice of the hall of four and twenty windows."

The Princess told him how her slave had exchanged it for a new one, and said that the tyrant, in whose power she was always, carried that very lamp in his bosom. Aladdin was then sure that it was his old enemy, the African Magician, who had brought about his downfall. After talking awhile, they hit upon a plan for getting back the lamp.

Aladdin went into the city in the disguise of a slave, where he bought a powder that would cause instant death if swallowed. The Princess then invited the Magician to sup with her. She had neve·

been so polite to him before, and he was greatly delighted. While they were at the table she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine which she had previously prepared, and, after pretending to taste the one she had in her hand, she asked the Magician to change cups, as was the custom, she said, between lovers in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking it all at one draught, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin was at hand, and hastily snatching the lamp, he rubbed it, and summoned the Genius, whom he commanded to transport instantly the palace and all that it contained back to the place from which he had brought it.

Some hours after, the Sultan, who had risen at the break of day, to give way to his grief, went to the window to look at the spot where the palace had stood, expecting to see it empty, but to his unspeakable joy he saw Aladdin's palace shining in its place. He summoned his guards, and hastened to embrace his daughter, and during a whole week nothing was to be heard but the sound of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all kinds of musical instruments. There was feasting and merrymaking in honor of the return of Aladdin and the Princess.

Not long after this the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess ascended the throne. They reigned together many years, and left many noble sons and daughters at their death.

PANDORA

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — The following is one of a number of the Classical Myths told by Hawthorne in two volumes, known as "A Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." You should own both these volumes. They are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in the Riverside Literature Series, in paper. They can also be had in more expensive form.

Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He died at Plymouth, N.H., in 1864. Beside the two books already mentioned, Mr. Hawthorne wrote "Grandfather's Chair" and "Biographical Stories," especially for young people. His greatest work is, without doubt, "The Scarlet Letter." The more noted of his other works are "The Snow Image," "The Marble Faun," "The House of Seven Gables," and "Twice Told Tales."

LONG, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and, that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this, —

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not know myself what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh, come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children, because there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or, at even-tide, he saw the tender bud of to-morrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life, indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or carol-

ing like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. Oh, what a good time that was to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only a faint shadow of a Trouble; but, every day, it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus, at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and I don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sidewise at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus,

"just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver, and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and most probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for both of us to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in other

ciety than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would have never set eyes on it. So perseveringly did she babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it without Pandora's continually stumbling over it and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night, especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as much disturbance then, as a far bigger one would do in our times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it.

As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd

that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face that was really beautiful had been made to look ugly by her catching a sidewise glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if

needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this: —

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs, which roguishly defied the skillfullest fingers to disentangle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot and just see how it was made. Two or three times, already, she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as to not be constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life, before any troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide and seek among the flower shrubs, or at blindman's buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out, while mother earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere) and arranging them in vases, — and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then for the rest of the day there was the box.

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen. When she was in good humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box, — but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got, — many a kick did it receive. But certain it is, if it had not been for th

box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts. Do you think you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep. I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box, and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls around me would have felt. And possibly a little more so, but of that I am not quite so certain.

On this particular day, however, which we have been so long talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy, quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards she almost fancied she heard something stir inside the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur within! Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or not. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it, nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile the bright sunshine came through the open window, as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, and perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser if she were

let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong. I have the greatest mind in the world to run away."

But just then by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot

untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. Oh, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow, Epimetheus, would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or not; but there was quite a tumult of whispers in her ear — or else it was her curiosity that whispered, — "Let us out, dear Pandora; pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well, yes! I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep! and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time, since his little playmate

had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape, or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or, if ripe at all, they were over ripe, and so sweet as to be cloying. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented, that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did. For you must recollect that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature, and constant habit, to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely, — roses and lilies, and orange blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind, as Epimetheus carried

them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower wreaths; but boys could do it, in those days, rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But, just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity.

He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head, before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased, — as heavily as a grown man, — as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant, — without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would have probably withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might have never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said ver-

little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her to see what had befallen Epimetheus.

The thunder cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly discern what was in it; but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects we call dorbugs and pinching dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her, I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to keep safely, in order

that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well; no grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

But — and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world — by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people, everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterward. And, what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves, after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by; and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor, and rested her head on the abominable box, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap. It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity; "who are you inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, "Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob; "I have had enough of lifting the lid. You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked towards Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone, that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter, at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half around, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet; "and what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus; "you have done so much mischief already, that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them."

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And as the lid seems very heavy, I will help you," cried Epimetheus, running across the room.

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners, by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairylike stranger, amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least

touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them, that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, — "and that will be as long as you live in the world, — I promise never to desert you.

There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh, tell us," they exclaimed,—"tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. And to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad—(though to be sure it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do)—but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more, as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ONE evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until at last it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only to think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some

terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But as for you and me, as long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing or another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveler who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about a half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, h

probably been the bed of a lake. There fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which meandered through the midst of the village and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long, that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed, had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no

better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travelers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles out of their way rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, nobody could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with

club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul, which lives equally in the beggar and the prince.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs, at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud," observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude," answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads to one another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who set up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice, the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty

children or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying what, nevertheless, he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable, —

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with in yonder village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile, "Providence puts me here, I hope, among

other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveler, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, beside being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under-garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none of the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Phile-

mon to the traveler. "But I always found my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olivewood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of."

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvelous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little

pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten."

"That is more than can safely be foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern, that Philemon was really almost frightened; the more so, that at his

frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it to you!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have when they meet with any one wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, quite garrulously, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made,

and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved each other so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish should be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make a cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little auditors, I shall tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide. It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well; when the master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece

of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderate-sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business, when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week or two to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not

quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher, that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and had seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that

it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk, at supper time.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers, but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder

is, that, after alighting on a flower bed of so delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt.

The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that had you closed your eyes, you would have instantly forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor, with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you must have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Ah, husband!" said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they

had seen better days, and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see more clearly) was of the opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the stunted old vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher, for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted

to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper now being over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked to them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meager supper prove so much better and more abundant than they had hoped. But the elder traveler had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could

have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their

journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old people insensibly grew with the elder traveler, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds, before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also, that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humored, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, staff, snakes, and all, every day, and the whole day long.

"Ah me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so—

that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently; "and I mean to go this very day, and tell some of them what naughty people they are."

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveler's brow just then assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveler, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which

it lay, had ceased to have an existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling murmur against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar that the old people were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore the lake that

was of old has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky!"

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveler, "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus the divinities have feasted, at your board, off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then, — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the

world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!"

"Be it so," replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look towards your cottage."

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvelous quality of never being empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humored, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great,

great while, and grew older and older, and very old, indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of overnight to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden tree. Their boughs — it was strange and beautiful to see — were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marveling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both

spoke at once, "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden tree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these: —

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty, used to repose themselves and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish for all our sakes that we had the pitcher here now.

THE PINE TREE SHILLINGS

[*From* GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"ACCORDING to the most authentic records, my dear children," said Grandfather, "the chair about this time had the misfortune to break its leg.

It was probably on account of this accident that it ceased to be the seat of the Governors of Massachusetts; for, assuredly, it would have been ominous of evil to the commonwealth if the Chair of State had tottered upon three legs. Being therefore sold at auction, — alas what a vicissitude for a chair that had figured in such high company! — our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look at it. "And here are the iron clamps How well it was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg, Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and the Pine Tree Shillings.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a

pile of pine boards. Musket balls were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, or bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of wornout coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, In-

dian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and a gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging a pair of large scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it

was full to the brim of bright pine tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of the shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style. As for Samuel Sewell, he afterwards became Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

[*From* GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"AND what became of the chair?" inquired Clara.

"The outward aspect of our chair," replied Grandfather, "was now somewhat the worse for its long and arduous services. It was considered hardly magnificent enough to be allowed to keep its place in the council chamber of Massachusetts. In fact it was banished as an article of useless lumber. But Sir William Phips happened to see it, and, being much pleased with its construction, resolved to take the good old chair into his private mansion. Accordingly, with his own gubernatorial hands, he repaired one of its arms, which had been slightly damaged."

"Why, Grandfather, here is the very arm!" interrupted Charley, in great wonderment. "And did Sir William Phips put in these screws with his own hands? I am sure he did it beautifully! But how came a governor to know how to mend a chair?"

"I will tell you a story about the early life of Sir William Phips," said Grandfather. "You will then perceive that he well knew how to use his hands."

So Grandfather related the wonderful and true story of The Sunken Treasure.

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large open cr

board at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet, tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig, flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adz, are half covered with the delicate ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane of beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phips present when he sat in Grandfather's chair, after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent-looking personage.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's chair. He was a

poor man's son and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills, in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow lady, who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by marriage and became a poor man again. Still, he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, sometime or other, he should be very rich, and would build "a fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life, that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phips had not yet gained the riches which he promised himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phips went to the

place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But, before he returned, he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and, hitherto, nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phips of the English Navy.

Captain Phips sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish

ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small; and most people would have thought that Captain Phips was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phips, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea, with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phips solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King

James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phips might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phips. He sailed from England, and arrived safe at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see; nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find!"

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hands. But he had learnt some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn his breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few minutes one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. That single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phips of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cries Captain Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, for fishing gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel, which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the king of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes of fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards, who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phips and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where

they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that they were money bags. By remaining so long in salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous to even look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phips in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterwards, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phips and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel.

Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phips a magnificent gold cup, worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

"Sir William Phips," continued Grandfather, "was too active and adventurous a man to sit still in the quiet enjoyment of his good fortune. In the year 1690 he went on a military expedition against the French colonies in America, conquered the whole province of Acadia, and returned to Boston with a great deal of plunder."

"Why, Grandfather, he was the greatest man that ever sat in the chair!" cried Charley.

"Ask Laurence what he thinks," replied Grandfather, with a smile. "Well; in the same year, Sir William took command of an expedition against Quebec, but did not succeed in capturing the city. In 1692, being then in London, King William the Third appointed him governor of Massachusetts. And now, my dear children, having followed Sir

William Phips through all his adventures and hardships till we find him comfortably seated in Grandfather's chair, we will here bid him farewell. May he be as happy in ruling a people as he was while he tended sheep!"

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Washington Irving, the author of this sketch, was born in New York in 1783. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. In 1802 he wrote for the "Morning Chronicle." He went to Europe for his health in 1804. Returning, he wrote, together with his brother and Mr. Paulding, the "Salmagundi." He was the author of many works, the most noted being, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "The Alhambra," "Conquest of Granada," "Life and Voyages of Columbus," "Life of Washington," "Mahomet and his Successors." This selection is from the "Sketch Book."

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect

barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accom-

panied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all the family squabbles; and never failed, when they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children at the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a

troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even although he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulders for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages;

weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and

that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods, but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of the broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages

of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he

was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal

day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; the evening was gradually advanced; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see

nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving

one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar

one had a large beard, broad face, and small, pig-gish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg

into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon!" thought Rip, "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old fire-

lock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had

opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very char-

acter of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens, elections, members of congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and

planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit "what he came there for, and whom he was seeking?" The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded "who he was and what was his name?"

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end, "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder, — no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the moun-

tain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask, and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.

"I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of

the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a Revolutionary War — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass

either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Mr. Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1807, and died in 1892. He was by faith a Friend. With the possible exception of Longfellow, he is the most popular of the American poets. Whittier had merely the

education given by the district school and the country academy. He was by nature a reformer, and naturally an intense abolitionist. He was mobbed several times. Many of his poems, as the following one, treat of childhood. So does "Snow-bound," which you should read. Read also "Tent on the Beach." After reading these you will easily judge for yourself what of his other poems you will care for. Each of the works referred to is in the Riverside Literature Series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who publish all the editions of Whittier's poems.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks:
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,

Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade,
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too:
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloud-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wide-swung fold,

While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Alfred Tennyson, the most popular poet of his time, was born in England in 1810. If you like poetry, you will read "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "The Talking Oak," many selections from "The Princess," and "Maud," with much pleasure.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Robert Browning was born in England in 1812, and died in 1889. He has written but little that you would care for now. He is not a popular poet like Longfellow, and probably the number of his admirers will always be comparatively small. You would enjoy "How We Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

HAMELIN town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Spilt open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation, — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder, I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain, —
I'm sure my poor head aches again

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat:
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous).
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" cried the Mayor, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in,—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm, —
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper,
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarm of gnats:
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled:
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered:
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter by far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world has grown one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke:
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in a joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor, —
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How," cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He can never cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop!
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed.
When all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No. One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,

Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.
So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads:
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap: —
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath:
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — This is one of the most popular of all the English ballads. It was written about three hundred years ago.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write:
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie.
And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to the other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mold.

The father left his little son,
As plainly did appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.

But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;

Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:

"To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear;
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small;
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear;

"God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale;
He would the children send
To be brought up in London town
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
That they should on a cockhorse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay;

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hirèd him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So there they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake with fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;

And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town;

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief;

No burial this pretty pair
From any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell.

His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;

And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery;

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
Such was God's blessed will;

Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed,
Their uncle having died in jail,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL AND OTHER SELECTIONS

JOHN BUNYAN

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — The following is from "Pilgrim's Progress," written by John Bunyan, who was born near Bedford in 1628. The book is one you should read. If possible own a copy of it. Although written more than two hundred years ago, it was never more popular than now. It is said to be printed in every European language. Bunyan also wrote "The Holy War" and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," the former being a very popular book.

SO I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the Porter's lodge; and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then, he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the Porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none: keep

in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the Porter was. Then said Christian to the Porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The Porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The Porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

Christian. I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion: but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

Porter. What is your name?

Christian. My name is now Christian, but my name at first was Graceless: I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem.

Porter. But how does it happen that you come so late? The sun is set.

Christian. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am, I slept in the arbor that stands on the hillside! Nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that in my sleep I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced with

sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it; and now I am come.

Porter. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the Porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The Porter answered, This man is on a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I told him I would call thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going, and he told her. She asked him, also, how he got into the way, and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her. At last she asked his name. So he said, It is Christian; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and, after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more

discourse with him, had him in to the family; and many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time: and they appointed Piety, Prudence, and Charity to discourse with him, and thus they began.

Piety. Come, good Christian, since we have been so loving to you as to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

Christian. With very good will; and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

Piety. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

Christian. I was driven out of my native country by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears; to wit, that unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was.

Piety. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

Christian. It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not kno-

whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket gate, which else I should have never found, and so set me in the way that hath led me directly to this house.

Piety. But did you not come by the house of the Interpreter?

Christian. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live, especially three things: to wit, how Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of grace in the heart; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

Piety. Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

Christian. Yes, and a dreadful one it was, I thought; it made my heart ache as he was telling of it, but yet, I am glad I heard it.

Piety. Was this all that you saw at the house of the Interpreter?

Christian. No; he took me, and had me where he showed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturesome man, and cut his way through armed men that stood in the door to keep him out; and how he was bid to come in, and win eternal glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart. I would

have stayed at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew that I had farther to go.

Piety. And what saw you else in the way?

Christian. Saw? Why, I went but a little farther, and I saw One, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon a tree; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back; for I groaned under a very heavy burden, but then it fell down from off me. It was a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before; yea, and while I stood looking up (for then I could not forbear looking) three Shining Ones came to me. One of them testified that my sins were forgiven me; another stripped me of my rags, and gave me this broidered coat which you see; and the third set the mark which you see on my forehead, and gave me this sealed roll (and with that he plucked it out of his bosom).

Piety. But you saw more than this, did you not?

Christian. The things that I have told you were the best; yet some other matters I saw, as, namely, I saw three men — Simple, Sloth, and Presumption — lie asleep, a little out of the way as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw Formality and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go as they pretend to Zion; but they were quickly lost, even as I myself did tell them, but they would not believe. But, above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard to come by the lions' mouths; and, truly,

if it had not been for the good man, the Porter that stands at the gate, I do not know but that, after all, I might have gone back again; but thank God I am here, and thank you for receiving me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

Prudence. Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

Christian. Yea, but with much shame and detestation. Truly, if I had been mindful of that country from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, a heavenly one.

Prudence. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

Christian. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted. But now all those things are my grief; and might I but choose my own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be a doing that which is best, that which is worst is with me.

Prudence. Do you not find sometimes as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

Christian. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

Prudence. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances at times as if they were vanquished?

Christian. Yes; when I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; and when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

Prudence. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?

Christian. Why, there I hope to see him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there they say there is no death; and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell the truth, I love him because I was by him eased of my burden; and I am weary of my inward sickness. I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, holy, holy, holy.

Then said Charity to Christian, Have you a family? Are you a married man?

Christian. I have a wife and four small children.

Charity. And why did you not bring them along with you?

Christian. Then Christian wept and said, Oh, how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage.

Charity. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavored to show them the danger of staying behind.

Christian. So I did; and told them also what God had shown me of the destruction of our city; but I seemed to them as one that mocked, and they believed me not.

Charity. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

Christian. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear to me.

Charity. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

Christian. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

Charity. But what could they say for themselves, why came they not?

Christian. Why, my wife was afraid of losing the world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so, what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

Charity. But did you not, with your vain life,

damp all that you, by words, used by the way of persuasion to bring them with you?

Christian. Indeed, I cannot commend my life, for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein. I know also, that a man, by his conversation, may soon overthrow what, by argument or persuasion, he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by an unseemly action, to make them averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing, they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things (for their sakes) in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbor.

Charity. Indeed, Cain hated his brother, because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous: and if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby show themselves to be implacable to good; thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood.

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished with fat things, and with wine, that was well refined; and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill; as, namely, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and

why he had builded that house; and by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of death; but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more.

For, as they said, and as I believe, said Christian, he did it with the loss of much blood. But that which put the glory of grace into all that he did, was, that he did it out of pure love to his country. And besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had been and spoke with him since he did die on the cross and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that he is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west. They, moreover, gave an instance of what they affirmed; and that was, he had stripped himself of his glory that he might do this for the poor; and that they heard him say and affirm, that he would not dwell in the mountain of Zion alone. They said, moreover, that he had made many pilgrims, princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their original had been the dung-hill.

Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising.

The name of the chamber was Peace, where he

slept till the break of day, and then awoke and sang, —

> "Where am I now? Is this the love and care
> Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are,
> Thus to provide that I should be forgiven,
> And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

So in the morning they all got up; and, after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they showed him the records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember my dream, they showed him the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the Son of the Ancient of Days, and came by eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and now he had placed them in such habitations that could neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts his servants had done; as how they had subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Then they read again another part of the records of the house, where it was shown how willing their

Lord was to receive into his favor any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all of which Christian had a view; as of things both ancient and modern, together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the armory, where they showed him all manner of furniture which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the oxgoad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jawbone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliah of Gath; and the sword also with which their Lord will kill the man of sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They showed him, besides, many excel-

lent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains; which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south. So he did, and behold, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did, and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults on the way. He being therefore thus accoutered, walked out with his friends

to the gate; and there he asked the Porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the Porter answered, Yes.

Christian. Pray, did you know him? said he.

Porter. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

Christian. Oh, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

Porter. He is got by this time below the hill.

Christian. Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase for the kindness thou hast showed to me.

GETTING SUPPLIES FROM THE WRECK

[*From* ROBINSON CRUSOE]

DANIEL DEFOE

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Daniel DeFoe was born in 1660 or 1661. He died near London in 1731. His father was a butcher, and educated him for a Presbyterian minister. DeFoe wrote more than two hundred books and pamphlets. With all this work he found time to twice engage in business, but failed in both ventures. His writings may be placed in three classes: political writings, about which you will care nothing; fiction, of which you will read only "Robinson Crusoe," and that you should own and read again and again;

miscellaneous writings, of which you should, when you are older, read the "History of the Plague in London." It is doubtful if you will care to read anything else of DeFoe's writings.

AFTER I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around me, to see what kind of a place I was in, and what was to be done next. I soon found that I was in a dreadful condition. My life was saved, but I was wet, had no change of clothes, nor anything to eat or drink, or to comfort me in any way. I saw no prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon so that I might hunt and kill some creature for food, or to defend myself against wild animals. I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and I was in such terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming on, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, as they always come abroad at night for their prey.

The only protection that I could think of was to get up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which was growing near. I resolved to spend the night in it, and the next day consider what death I should die, for I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore in search of fresh water to drink, which, to my great delight, I soon

found. I put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, and climbed the tree, and placed myself in such position that I would not fall. After having cut me a short stick for defense, being excessively fatigued I fell asleep, and slept more comfortably than I believe many could have done in my condition. In the morning I found myself greatly refreshed.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, the weather was clear, and the storm had abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship had been lifted by the tide from the sand bar where she lay the night before, and carried almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This was within a mile of the shore where I was, and as the ship seemed to be upright still, I wished that I was on board, that I might save some things very necessary to my use.

When I came down from my lodging in the tree, I looked about me again; and the first thing I saw was the boat, which lay upon the shore, as the wind and sea had tossed her, about two miles to my right. I walked along the shore toward it as far as I could, but found an inlet of water about half a mile wide that I had no means of crossing, so I came back, being intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my subsistence.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and

the tide ebbed out so far, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. Here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for it was evident that if we had kept on board that we would have all been safe, that is, we would all have reached the shore in safety, and I would not have been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This thought forced tears to my eyes again; but, as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and swam out to it; but when I reached it I was at loss to know how to get on board, for the ship lay aground, and high out of the water, so that there was nothing within my reach that I could lay hold of. I swam around the vessel twice, and finally saw a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the forechains so low that, with great difficulty, I managed to get hold of, and by its help climb into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; and that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry. You may be sure that my first work was to see what was spoiled and what was good. I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and

being very hungry I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. All that I needed was a boat in order to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. I set my wits to work to see what could be done. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and I threw overboard all whose weight was such that I could manage them. I tied each one with a rope so that it would not drift away. When I had done this I went down the ship's side and pulled four of the sticks together and tied them so as to form the framework of a raft. I laid several pieces of plank across, but found that the timbers were too light to support any great weight, so I took a carpenter's saw and cut a spare topmast into three pieces and added them to the raft. I did this at the expense of great labor and pains, for the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries enabled me to do more than I should have been able to do under other circumstances.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. I first put upon the raft all the

plank and boards I could get, and after this, having considered well what I most wanted, I first put three of the seamen's chests down upon my raft. I had to empty these in order to be able to lower them. One of these I filled with provisions, viz.: bread, rice, Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls had been killed. There had been some barley and wheat but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten and spoiled it all. While I was loading the raft, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification of seeing my shirt, coat, and waistcoat, which I had left on the sand at the shore, swim away. As my breeches were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam out to the ship in them and my stockings. This mishap set me to rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for there were other things which I needed more; first, tools to work with. After a long search, I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship load of gold would have been at that time. I got it down on my raft without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some arms and ammunition. There were two very good fowling pieces and two

pistols in the great cabin. I secured these, with some powder horns, a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but did not know where our gunner had stowed them. After much search, I found them; two dry, but the third damaged by water. I put these on board my raft, and, finding it pretty well freighted, I began to think how I should get it to the shore, as I had neither sail, oar, nor rudder. The least wind would have upset my raft, and ruined all the goods that I had on board of it.

There was much in my favor. The sea was smooth and calm; the tide was rising and setting in toward the shore, and what little wind there was blew towards the land. Having found several broken oars, and added to my tools two saws, an ax, and a hammer, I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it to drift a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and, consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had liked to have suffered a second

shipwreck, which, if I had, I think, verily, would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, I was very near having my cargo all slip off at the end that was afloat. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in; but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon the level; and after a little, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and taking an oar, I thrust her off into the channel, and soon found myself in the mouth of a little river, and a strong tide running up. I looked upon both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At last I spied a little cove on the right side of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last came so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, — that is to say, sloping, — there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore,

would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping my raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would overflow, and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground and there moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, — one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I did not yet know; whether on the continent or an island; whether inhabited or uninhabited land; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty reached the top, I saw my fate, to my very great affliction. I was on an island, no other land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great

way off, and two smaller islands, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found, also, that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. Yet I saw an abundance of fowls, but I knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell which were fit for food. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying; every one according to his usual note, but not one of them of a kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, from its color and beak, though it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring the cargo on shore, which took me the rest of that day; what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for such fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself

round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I saw not how to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I had shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and I resolved to make another voyage to the vessel if possible. As I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things aside till I had taken everything out of the ship that I could. Then I called a council — that is to say, in my thoughts — whether I should take the raft back with me; but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down, and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience with the first, I neither made this so unwieldy nor loaded it so heavily, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great jackscrew, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone.

All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crowbars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, another fowling piece, a small quantity of powder, a large bagful of shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy that I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; with these I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehension, during my absence from land, that at least my provisions on shore might be devoured; but when I returned I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun to her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great; however, I spared her a bit, and she went to it, and smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as if pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more; so she marched off.

Having brought my second cargo on shore, — though I was obliged to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail, and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty casks and chests up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within and an empty cask set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds on the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day to bring all the things from the ship safe to shore.

I now had the biggest magazine of all kinds that was ever laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied, for while the ship sat upright, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day, at low tide, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as well as all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion; and also the

barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last; only that I was obliged to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no longer useful as sails, but as canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still, was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with; I say after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by water. I soon emptied the hogshead of bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I brought all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage, and now, having plundered the ship of all that was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move. I brought two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could find, and, having cut down the spritsail yard, and the mizzen yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all these heavy goods and came away. But my good luck now began to leave me, for this raft was so unwieldy and so overladen that, after I had entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my

goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I thought would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore and some of the iron, though with infinite labor, for I had to dive for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this, I went every day on board and brought away what I could get.

I had now been thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable of bringing; though I believe, verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, I went on board at low water, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large scissors, with ten or a dozen good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds' value in money.

I smiled to myself at the sight of money. "Oh, drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for?

Thou art not worth to me, — no, not the taking off the ground. One of those knives is worth the whole heap. I have no manner of use for thee!"

MEMORY GEMS

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself. — BEECHER.

But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.
— DRAYTON.

Two things indicate a weak mind, — to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent. — PERSIAN PROVERB.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining.
— LONGFELLOW.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down;
She were not Fortune if she did not frown.
— ORRERY.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail.
— BULWER.

He that will only believe what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head or a very short creed. — COLTON.

To most men experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed. —COLERIDGE.

A man will confess his faults, but never his follies. — CHESTERFIELD.

Kind hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever. — HORACE MANN.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all. — HOLMES.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
— COWPER.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.
— SCOTT.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he who rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. — FRANKLIN.

God helps them that help themselves. — FRANKLIN.

Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand. — HALE.

Never chase a lie; let it alone, and it will run itself to death.

Good actions ennoble us, and we are the sons of our own deeds. — CERVANTES.

> Immodest words admit of no defense,
> For want of decency is want of sense.
> — ROSCOMMON.

> Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
> Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
> — CUMBERLAND.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else. — FRANKLIN.

All that a man gets by lying is that he is not believed when he tells the truth.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom; but waste of time never.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes a necessity. — ST. AUGUSTINE.

To err is human; to forgive, divine. — POPE.

We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain. — ALGER.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth. — BULWER.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. — JOHNSON.

He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

—WATTS.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.

—BECK.

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night;
Little by little, and day by day.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

— ALICE CARY.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you are angry hold your tongue.

Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must always be on your guard. Such a friend is wine. — BOVEE.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

Mean men admire wealth; great men, glory.

Vain glory blossoms, but never bears.

Right sometimes sleeps, but never dies.

Sharp wits, like sharp knives, often cut their owners' fingers. — ARROWSMITH.

Many talk like philosophers, and live like fools.

What a man desires, he easily believes.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams,
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.

—SALUTAMUS.

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

—HOLMES.

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

—HERRICK.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down. —JOHNSON.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

—POPE.

Learn the luxury of doing good. —GOLDSMITH.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. —THACKERAY.

All men that are ruined, are ruined on the side of their natural propensities. —BURKE.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.

—POPE.

It is much easier to be critical than correct.

—BEACONSFIELD.

Profaneness is a low, grovelling vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society, — I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts, — despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will. — CHAPIN.

This is the best world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get one's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Each man's homestead is his golden milestone,
Is the central point from which he measures every distance,
Through the gateways of the world around him.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us useful.

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the infant plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.

It takes two to tell a lie, — one to speak, and another to listen.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all. — LONGFELLOW.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. — SHAKESPEARE.

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it; talent is wealth, tact ready money. — LONDON ATLAS.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than by good laws. — ARISTOTLE.

Labor is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfill nothing, without labor. — DEWEY.

Familiarity does not breed contempt, except of contemptible things, or in contemptible people. — BROOKS.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them. — SENECA.

No ignorant, no indolent, no irreligious people can ever be permanently a free people. — ALVORD.

> Wrongs do not leave off where they begin,
> But still beget new mischiefs in their course.
>
> — DANIEL.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. — BEECHER.

Education is the bulwark of freedom and free government.

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year. — EMERSON.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. — LORD CLARENDON.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong. — O'CONNELL.

The way to fame is like the way to heaven — through much tribulation. — STERNE.

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.
>
> — BURNS.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. — ANGELO.

A parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own family; for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance. — KENT.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, — a police in citizens' clothes, — but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it. — EMERSON.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. — SIDNEY.

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Love your God and your fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws. — PRESIDENT PORTER.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union. — RUFUS CHOATE.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

— SHAKESPEARE.

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken. — LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry. — HALIBURTON.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. — SHENSTONE.

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable. — CHESTERFIELD.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at hand. — CARLYLE.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them. — THOREAU.

I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. — CICERO.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul. — BUXTON.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. — MILL.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes. — BEACONSFIELD.

At the devil's booth all things are sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

— LOWELL.

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